A good olde shepheарde, *Wrenock*, was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I needé not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulde me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous yanne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the spring giues place to
And bringeth forth the fruite of son
Also my age now passed youngthly
To things of ryper reason selfe ap
And learnd of lighter timber cot
Such as might saue my sheepe a

To make fine cages for the Nightin
And Bas-kets of bulrushes was n
Who to entrappe the fish in windin
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes
I learned als the signes of heaue
How *Phœbe* sayles, where *Venu*

And tryed time yet taught me grea
The sodain tyding of the raging se
The soothe of byrds by beating of
The power of herbs, both which ca
And which be wont to enrage
And which be wont to worke ete

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin*
That kydst the hidden kinds of ma
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore h
Whose rankling wound as yet do
Why liuest thou stil, and yet ha
Why dyest thou stil, and yet ali

Thus is my sommer worne away
Thus is my haruest hastened all to
The care that budded faire, is bur
And all my hoped gaine is turnd t
Of all the seede, that in my you
Was nought but brakes and b

My boughes with bloosmes that
And promised of timely fruite such
Are left both bare and barren no
The flattring fruite is fallen to gr